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Select Poetry.

THE GRAVES OF MEMORY.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

There is a lonely waste of graves
Beside a stream of sighing waves,
Where mourning groops of cypress trees,
And weeping willows kiss the breeze,
And some white roses faded there,
Though they were planted with a prayer.

Above one grave a marble form
Defies the midnight's sweeping storm;
A wreath is on that statue's brow,
And crowns before its glory bow.
And yet one clasping arm is wound
A broken heart and harp around;

And one is grasping through the air,
As if the 'something yet' were there!
The heart and harp are as my own—
The wreath is like a vision gone.
This dream-built tomb I thought of yore
Should rise when some lone life was o'er.

Some other graves are shaded o'er
With myrtle from the hearts own shore—
Green with the memories of the past,
Though round them blighting dews fall fast.
Beside those mounds a breeze's sigh
Forever says: "Gone by, gone by!"

One form that's there beneath the sod
Seemed brighter than a grecian God!
The classic curve, the red lip wore,
The brow whose beauty charms no more,
The heavy clouds of midnight hair,
The wild dark eyes with love-light there.

All those—all, all are mouldering low
In the dim vale of long ago.
Yes, these, and one who wins more sighs
With sunny curls and deep blue eyes;
Ay, one more worshiped than all these
Rests in the grave of memories

A Jhrilling Sketch.

A Night on Lake Winnipisscogee.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Evening set in cold and gray. Until noon the sky had been clear; but, as the sun declined, a thick, leaden haze had obscured his sickly light, and appearance gave promise of the coldest night of an unusually cold season. The up train on the C——Railroad was detained by the immense drifts of snow, which had formed upon the lines, and it was past nine o'clock when the puffing locomotive came slowly and laboriously up to the little depot at A——, the northern terminus of the route.

As is usual in country, as wel as in places more thickly settled, quite a little company had assembled in the principal room of the building, to talk over the severe weathers and discuss the probability of the non arrival of the train that night. With the first sound of the omnibus whistle the narrow door of the depot was crowded with anxious heads, each striving to pierce farther into the darkness than its neighbor.

The usual variety of passengers alighted; each one anxious about his or her baggage, and each one particularly certain that it was in just the place where the freight-master protested it was not; but, as it is with only one of this motley assemblage that we have to do, we will pass the others silently by.

She was a young lady, our heroine, and dressed with extreme elegance.—Springing hastily to the platform, touching the extended hand of the gentlemanly conductor, she gazed anxiously around her for a moment, and then made her way to the window of the office, which was pushed back, to allow the official within to receive the express boxes, and separate the mails. The man started as her low musical tones fell on his ear.

'Can you tell me the distance to Wolfburn.'

'Twelve miles, marm; and no passage there for five days; roads completely blocked; and he was turning away

She put out her hand to stay him. 'No passage?—It cannot be! I must be in Wolfburn within four hours, sir! My mother is dying there!'

'Sorry—very sorry, indeed! but it is an utter impossibility to think of doing such a thing! Why, marm, the thermometer stands at 10 degrees below zero, this very minute, and 'twill be still lower before midnight!'

'I know the cold is intense; I dare say the way is replete with danger; but my mother, the mother who brought me into existence! is dying there, and I must go to her!' The voice of the young girl became choked and broken as she ceased.

'It's a hard case, I must admit; but it's no use to think of attempting to get to Wolfburn to-night—the coach road is as impassable as the Alps and the only track is across the lake; but neither man nor beast could live on that bleak route half the distance! I am sorry, marm; but I only speak the truth about it.'

The pale face of the young lady blanched still paler, but her voice was firm.

"Cold and perilous though it be, I must go to my mother. Were I sick, she would move heaven and earth, but she would stand by my bed side! I cannot let her die, and I so very near her, and yet not in her presence! I must go if I go on foot and alone!"

'Rash girl! it would be no better than suicide to attempt the passage of the Winnipisseogee on such a night as this, even with a strong horse and an experienced guide; and such cannot be found, who will brave the horrors of the night for love or money!'

'Lady, I will go with you!" and the crowd parted before the tall, finely built young man who came hastily to the side of the strange girl. I am unknown to you, and my station in life is humble, but if you will trust me, the confidence shall not be misplaced!' He removed the cap from his head, and stood erect and dignified before her—a strikingly hand, some youth, clad in a rough garb of gray.

There was the fire of a lofty spirit burning in his deep, hazel eye, and around the classically carved lips dwelt an expression half stern, half tender. The clear blue eyes of the lady met his fixed yet respectful gaze searchingly—she put her hand in his.

'God bless you, sir!" There is one true heart in New Hampshire! I will trust you!

An expression of pride and gratitude swept over the young man's face, and he bent his head below her as he said—'In half an hour I will return for you," and with a firm, elastic step, he left the depot.

The young lady dropped into a seat by the fire, and, covering her face with her hands, seemed lost in a painful reverie.—The listless 'hangers-on' about the place gathered together, in a little knot about the office window—there was a new subject to discuss.

'Fool enough is Will Argensen to undertake the crossing of that Lake to night! He'll be frozen stiff, in my opinion, afore the day breaks!' exclaimed an old man, evidently the oracle of the company.

'And the gal?—it's a shame, though, for she's a sweet lookin' critter! Heaven pity her, and take care of her! for she'll need somebody's care before the night's through!'

'She's in good hands, though,' said a third member of the *coterie*, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth as he spoke, 'for Will's as noble a lad as ever breathed the air of Hampshire!. He knows every inch of the Winnie, as well as I know the road to mill; and his horse is a powerful deal more intelligent than many human folks, any how!'

'Argensen will do well enough if there ain't a squall; but it strikes me the sky looks rather hazy, depend upon it, this fall ain't for nothin!' said a fourth, peering anxiously but into the darkness; 'and if there should be a squall—a regular 'white eye,' then—then'—and the speaker's involuntary shudder finished the sentence. The men drew closer together, as if for mutual protection, and there was a silence of a few moments, broken at last by the old man who had first spoken.

'Only last winter, poor Henry Bleecher was frozen to death on the shore of Rattlesnake Island; and then just a week afterwards, poor Cap'n Deer—been on the Lake all his life time—got bewildered in the squalls, and died out there all alone in the dark and cold, and his folks to home settin' up to daylight expectin' him! Oh, it was awful—dreadful to think of! but nothin' to what it would be if a woman—a young, tender, beautiful woman'—a tear wet the hardy face of the old mountaineer, add he turned to dry it on his coarse handkerchief.

At this moment, the brisk jingle of sleigh-bells was heard at the door, and before the eager listeners could spring forward to open it upon the new comer, Will Argensen entered, wrapped up in a buffalo robe.

'I am ready to attend you to Wolfburn, if you still think of going, he said, addressing the lady. She arose quickly at the sound of his voice, and accepting the large blanket which the ticket-master kindly offered her as a further protection against the inclement weather, she followed her conductor out into the dark, piercing night, and was lifted into the sleigh which awaited them. Argensen wrapped the buffalo closely around her, and attaching the large glass lantern, which he had carried in his hand, to the front part of the cutter, he sprang in. The horse was a large, powerfully-built animal, of a dark, iron gray: and his fiery eyes, as well as his long, slender neck, showed him spirited as strong.

The eager crowd of idlers left their warm quarters by the inside stove, and gathered around the sleigh and its occupants, some expostulating on the madness of the twain in setting out on such a night—others wishing them God-speed, and amid the acclamations drove off.

Half a mile on *teara firma*, and the horse's feet rang shark and clear on the solid ice of the Winnipisseogee. The summits of the tall, blue mountains, which rose on either side of our travelers, were shrouded in an impenetrable mist, and the light wind which blew was insufficient to break up the clouds of time that filled the air.

Little or no conversation passed between these two people, so recently thrown together. Argensen was occupied with thoughts of the perilous undertaking before them; the lady, with sad images of her dying mother—dying without the kiss of her only child to smooth her passage through the dark void between time and eternity!

With anxious eye, the young mountaineer scanned the thickening air, and the terrible thought *would* flit across his brain—*'If the squalls should rise!'*—Nearly four miles of the journey was passed over in safety. They had reached the dreariest part of the road, and the darkness became almost palpable. Mountains, black as Erebus, completely walled in the shining track of ice, and by the pitching of the cutter, and the careful progress of the horse, they knew that drifts of snow and bilges of ice obstructed the way. The wind steadily increased, and cut the face like a sharp icicle.—The breaths of our travellers congealed almost before they left their bodies, and the dark sides of the horse were covered with a feathery frost. The cold became intense, permeating the thick buffalo skins as if they had been mere cobwebs, and the delicate frame of the young girl was chilled through. Bravely she suppressed the deathly shivers that involuntarily stole over her, but Argensen felt the effort, and drawing his arm around her, he said, in a low, earnest tone;—

'Lady, we are strangers, but it is no time to stand for ceremony, when one is freezing! Sit as close to me as possible, and lay your face here upon my breast; the wind is rising to a gale, and the squall will be upon us ere long!'

With one powerful hand he guided the horse; with the other one he held close to his side the little trembling form of his companion; and the noble gray, as if feeling that everything depended on their reaching the end of their journey before the breaking of the squall over their heads, tore bravely on.

In vain! in vain! in vain! The mad wind bore along the eben clouds with the swiftness of lightning, and scarcely more than five miles of the way were passed ere it burst upon them in all its fury.—The dreaded 'white eye' enveloped them. Hail and minute particles of frozen snow, in thick continuous sheets, blinded the eyes of the brave Argensen, and shut out the dim overarching sky. The horse drew up under the lee of a wooded island, and could be induced to go no farther.—Argensen clasped both arms about his paralyzed companion, and waited the progress of the storm. Heavily, and more heavily, she leaned upon his shoulders, and at length the fatal truth rushed over him with appalling force *the sleep that invariably precedes death, by freezing, was upon her!* He sprang up wildly.

For the love of Heaven, awake! Rouse yourself! *To sleep is death!*

A faint moan was the only response.—He tore off the buffalo robes which enveloped her, and vigorously chafed her cold hands, and breathed upon her icy lips. For a time he feared that he held only death in his arms; but, at last, by the dim light of the lantern, he saw a flush steal over her face, and her eyelids slowly unclosed.

'It is my mother holding me?' she said dreamily; then, as if remembering all, she drew herself away from the arms that supported her. Argensen soothed and encouraged her until the storm broke and the clouds were swept away. A few faint, struggling stars burst through the billows of vapor, and like angels' eyes, looked down upon the wide desert of snow. Two hours they waited there—two hours of agonizing suspense—ere the noble horse could be made to pursue his way. With more than a mere brute instinct, he knew the dangers of the way in the thick darkness and storm, and refused to subject his master to greater peril.

As the wind sunk to rest, and the sky became clearer once more, our travelers went on, and after an hour's swift trot, they arrived safely at Wolfburn. The necessary inquiries being made regarding the where bsuts of the young lady's mother, Argenson drove her to the house specified, and yielded to the urgent solicitations of his fellow *voyageur*, he went in with her.

The first question of the afflicted girl was answered in such a manner that the warm blood flushed over her cheek and brow, and a fervent "Thank God!" burst from her lips.

"Mrs. Huntington is better," said the lady, whom Miss Huntington addressed as aunt; and Julia—for that was the name of her who had put to such a trial the courage of William Argensen—advanced towards him, and laying both her hands in his, she burst into a flood of tears.

He took both the hands and pressed them to his lips. It was all the reward he asked—all she sought to give.

* * * * * *

One year later, and in one of the most splendid residences in Boston there was a wedding—the groom William Argensen the bride Julia Huntington. That night of horror had become the parent of a love stronger than death—more enduring than life, and before that love the haughty pirde of Julia's mother had melted away like snow before the sunshine.—The young noqle mountaineer, for the sake of that love, left the hills and valleys he loved, and in a celebrated university, his mind, already rich in the royal gifts of Nature's God, became refined in the flames of heaven-sent knowledge.

They are very happy in their gorgeous home—that fair young wife and her noble husband; and often do they bless the fortune that caused them to pass THAT NIGHT UPON THE WINNIPISSEOGEE.

FLATTERY.—There is no friendship in flattery. To the contrary, the disposition to bestow it is a proof of enmity towards the subject of it, rather than of love.—This the history of kings and princes has plainly demonstrated. Their flatterers have been ever most ready to conspire against and destroy their authority.—True friendship, whether in private or public affairs, will induce those entertaining it to tell one of his faults, rather than to blind him to them with flattery. And this is in obedience to the proverbial declaration "sweet is the reproof of a friend.'

But of all flattery, that is most despicable which selects females as its subjects. The worth of true womankind cannot be over estimated; but it is no compliment to the sex, to be eternally flattering women, either individually or collectively—to prate simperingly of her lovliness, her beauty, etc., as not a few semblances of manhood are wont to do!

The trust compliment to a woman is conveyed by showing that you appreciate the good sense of her conversation, or her writings, or her acts and deeds, at their true value, as those of your fellow-being; not as either a superior, entitled to adoration, or an inferior, calling for patronage or pity, but as an equal, challenging simple justice. Any other course is disgusting, as well as insolent. It should be so regarded as the other sex. And it is so regarded by all women who "know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them" not with mere pratings, but with deeds of usefulness and goodness, within the sphere to which the finger of circumstances has pointed as that of their duty.

SAGACITY OF THE OX.—The following instance of sagacity in the ox. was related to me by an old farmer, who assured me of its truth, although, as he expressed it, "he was so young when it happened, that he would not be willing to qualify to it now." "It was on the farm next to my father's down in Hamphire State.—The farmer had an ox that was the unruliest critter that ever my two eyes beheld. There warn't no fences could stop him. If he couldn't jump over, he'd get under, or fall on it and break it down; he was constantly in some mischief or other; eating up folks' garden sauce and destroying their crops. His owner put boards over his eyes, put yokes of all kinds on him, but all to no purpose. So finally he took and shut him up in his barnyard. But the tarnal critter would undo the button on the barn.door, and open the grain-boxes, and get into the haymow, and commit all sorts of devastation. He tried all manner of ways to fasten his barn-door, but the ox would circumvent him. At last he made a large button of a piece of hard-wood scantlin, got a ladder, and fixed the button right over the top of the barn-door. So he walked into the house and told his folks what he had done. 'And now,' says he, 'I guess Brin won't get into the barn again in a hurry.' His words were scarcely out of mouth, when he heard a dreadful poundin' out in the barnyard. He ran to the winder, and what do you s'pose he saw?—Why, the ox had seen him fix the button, and knowing he couldn't never teach it, he had tuk up a two-year-old bull that was runnin' in the yard, and held him up, and actully made that innocent critter turn the button for him?"

☞ A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down East, last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty adamsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed. "Begone, sir! Don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologised for the seeming rudeness, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her. "No!"—She replied archly. "Well, if you did't *you may do so again!*"

A Widow of The Olden Time.

A curious instance of a lady availing herself, in 1540, of the right to appear by champion, in a breach of promise of marriage case, is mentioned in the memoirs of Marechal de Vielleville. The husband of Philippe de Montespedon having died in Piedmont without issue, she was left a young, rich and beautiful widow, and was sought in marriage by several noble suitors. Amongst these was the Marquis de Saluce, to whose attentions she seemed to listen favorable, and she permitted him to accompany her from Turin to Paris. It turned out, however, that the sly dame only wished to have the advantage of his escort on the journey; and when she arrived at its termination she cavalierly dismissed him, saying:—"Adieu, sir! your lodging is at the hostel des Ursins, and mine is at the hostel Saint Denis, close to that of the Augustins." The Marquis still persisted in his suit, but as Philippe continued obdurate; he asserted that she had made him a formal promise of marriage, and cited her to appear before the court of parliament. She came there, attended by a numerous company of friends, and, having been desired by the president to hold up her hand, she was asked whether she had ever promised marriage to the marquis, who was then present in court. She answered upon her honor that she had not; and when the court proceeded to press her with further questions she exclaimed with passionate warmth:—"Gentlemen, I never was in a court of justice before; and this makes me fear that I may not answer properly. But to put a stop to all captious caviling and word-catching, I swear in the face of this assembly to God and the king,—to God under pain of eternal danmation to my soul; and to the king under the penalty of loss of honor and life,—that I have never given pledge of promise to marriage to the Marquis de Saluces, and, what is more, that I never thought of such a thing in my life. And if there is any one who will assert to the contrary, here is my chevalier whom I offer to maintain my words, which he knows are entirely true, and uttered by the lips of a lady of honor, if ever there was one.—And this I do, trusting in God and my good right, that he will prove the plaintiff to be (begging the pardon of the court) a villainous liar." This spirited defence caused no little sensation in the audience; and the president told the registrar that he might put up his papers, for Madame la Marechale had taken another and much shorter road towards settling the dispute. Then, addressing the marqnis, he asked. "Well, sir, what say you to this challenge?" But the love, as well as the ealor of the letter, was fast oozing away; and the craven knight answered by a very decided negative. "I want not," said he, "to take a wife by force; and if she does not wish to have me, I do not wish to have her." And so making a low obeisance to the court he prudently retired, and the fair Philippe heard no more of his pretensions to her hand.

PAY UP.—Notwithstanding ancient Pistol's declaration that "base is the slave who pays," we say to everybody who owes, or shall hereafter owe a dime or a million—*pay up*. He who pays not, is not far removed from a villain, while prompt paywent covereth a multitude of peccadillos. The "circulating medium," is the life-blood of society, and woe to him who retards its healthful flow; while he who has none of it in his pocket should anxiously set about the acquisition of it in some honest way. There are hundreds of men in New York who never "pay" and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. They wear the shiniest hats, the glossiest coats, the most irreproachable pants and boots; sport elegant jewelry, frequent the opera, are conspicuous in conspicuous places, and yet pay neither landlord nor washerwoman, neither servants nor victimized friends. Such people should be made an example of. They should be dunned in the public streets, and always find a constable sitting at their gate. Finally, if they continue incorrigible, they should be compelled to wear coats in public made of their unpaid bills.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

GETTING OVERA DIFFICULTY.—A class which graduated not over a thousand years ago, embraced among its members one Tom Elliot, an incorrigible wag, who was noted for any particular and marked attention to his studies. Mathematics was a particular object of Tom's disregard, and this caused him an occasional *jeu d' esprit* with the dry professor of comics.—On one occasion the professor, during the recitation, asked Tom to explain the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom replied,

"I don't know how."

"But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the Government to ascertain it, what would you do?"

"I'd resign," gravely responded Tom, amid the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the professor actually perpetrated a grin.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MYLIFE.

The ancients certainly made a great mistake in not choosing Niobe for the gondess of marriage. Hymen is by far to jolly; he is all smiles—more of the hyena than the crocodile; whilst Niobe is just as she sought to be—all tears.

There seldom is a marriage that is not a perfect St.Swithin affair. No one—unless he has soul of gutta percha, thoroughly waterproof—should think of going to a wedding with less than two pocket-handkerchiefs; and, even then, a sponge is better adapted to the "joyful occasion." Men take wives as they do pills, excepting indeed, when, the "little things are well gilt."

If a kind of matrimonial parometer were kept in each family, and its daily incications as to the state of the weather at the fireside accurately registered, we have doubt that on the average being taken the following results would be arrived at:—BEFORE MARRIAGE, *Fair*, DURING MARRIAGE, *Wet*; AFTER MARRIAGE, *Stormy*.

Meteorologically speaking, it would be highly interesting could we arrive at a knowledge of the axact amount of "do" prevailing during courtship.

Nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the happiest day of his life. A wedding is even more melancholy than a funeral. The bride weeps for everything and nothing. At first she's heartbroken because she's about to leave her Ma and Pa; then, because she hopes and trusts Charles always love her; and, when no other excuse is left, she bursts into tears because she's afraid he will not bring the ring with him. Mamma too is determined to cry for the least thing. Her dear, dear girl is going away, and she is certain something dreadful is about to happen, and goodness gracious! she's forgotton to lock the dining-room door, with all the wine and plate on the table, and three strange servants in the house.

At Church the water is laid on at *eye*-service; indeed, the whole party look so wretched, no one would imagine there was a "happy pair" among them. When Papa gives away his darling child, he does it with as many sobs as if he were handing her over to the fiercest polygamist since Henry VIII.—instead of bestowing her upon one who loves his "lamb," regardless of the "mint" sauce that accompanies her. The bridegroom snivels—either because crying's catching or because he thinks he ought, for decency's sake, to appear deeply moved—and the half dozen bridesmaids are sure to be all weeping, because everybody else weeps.

Cure for Borrowing.

I am an old housekeeper. I have often been annoyed by borrowers. I have had neighbors who never borrowed anything but eatables. I have had other neighbors who borrowed everything but eatables. I had six months ago a neighbor who borrowed eatables, drinkables, wearables, and everything else pertaining to housekeeping. I will tell you how I got id of him. About once a week he borrowed eggs, once a fortnight coffee; and every time it snowed, my shovel; sugar, milk, potatoes and cigars about once daily. I had, on more than one occasion, sent back sundry little articles he returned me, which I had loaned him, thinking he would take the hint—but, bless you, he liked *that*, so I procured a half dozen very *ancient* eggs, kept the coffee grounds after the strength oozed

It was not long before he sent for three or four eggs—some nice cake was to be made, and eggs were necessary. He *got them*. The cake, of course, was spoiled. A short time only had elapsed when some coffee was requested. *He had it*. The next time it snowed, he wanted the shovel; it was in my coal bin, down cellar, but I merely said to him—"My shovel is somewhere in the neighborhood, and if you find it, you may use it, and welcome" After inquiring all over the neighborhood, he came to the conclusion that he could not find it, and abandoned the search. By taking this method, I trust I have got rid of him, as it is now five months and twenty-three days since he sent to me to borrow.

☞ A paper giving an account of Tolouse in France, says: It is a large town containing 60,000 inhabitants *built of Brick*! This is equalled only by a well known description of Albany, which runs thus: Albany is a city of five hundred houses and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, *mostly with their gable ends to the street*.

☞ A country lad who had been at a public dinner, wished to describe the scene to his dulcinea, in the language of the village editor, who had said that "the table groaned with venison, roast pig, and every luxury." Accordingly he declared to his wondering Belinda that "venison and roasted pigs groaned on the table."

☞ He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich nor wise.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

A very common superstition, by no means confined to the vulgar and ignorant, relates to what is often called the "death watch." In general, superstitious notions are not entirely without foundation, but have some basis in the observation of nature orin coincidence of facts, upon which the fears, or imagination of mankind builds larger conclusions than the premises justify. Accurate examination and scientfic research lead to the dissipation of such delusions, and exhibit at once their cause and their folly. Here for example, is a minute insect, almost imperceptible to the naked eye, and yet its ticking has disturbed the quiet and rest of many a couch, and filled many a bosom with dark forebodings. Beating with regularity and precision like a fine, well timed watch, in the stillness of the night, its sound strikes the ear with clearness, and the attention is aroused and strained to discover the cause. It ceases, and then wito regular measnre resumes its pulsation—click, click, click—and the affrighted listener begins to imagine those warnings which he has heard recorded in fable and idle story, until by-and-by his vigils tire, and he passes away into dreamland, where his terrors soon find shape in some horrid phantasy. *Atropos pulsatœious*, such is the name of the little creature, the origin of all this mischief an insect quite as ugly looking as its name. It has a white *soft shell*, (there are soft shells as well as hard shells among insects,) its body is covered with short hairs, bristling horribly, seen with the microscope; its six legs, long antennæ and fierce eyes, complete the forbidding appearance. Now it jerks its head suddenly upwards and backwards, and strikes it against a horny ring or collar about the shoulders, and tick, tick, click, click, the rythm begins and is prolonged through the still hours of the night.

"Certainly," says one, "certainly there can be nothing more melancholy than this time-piece; so measured, as distinct, and as we now write, among the small hours of the night, our imagination makes us pause to count, as it recedes fainter and fainter, like the very echo of old Time's footsteps as he treads the minutes down; then again advancing almost to our ear, beating out the warning, "Time is flying away, away—hark 'am I not telling thee how fleat the moments fly," and if our heart saddens at this certain knowledge, reason, and faith, and trust in God, will not allow us to pause for an instant to peer into the dark future, to seek out what evil this insignificant link in creation can foretell to terrify those who wait upon the Lord; knowing he performs his intentions without the intervention of message or word, if ye believe not the Scriptures, neither will ye believe even should one rise from the dead." Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," lays great stress upon this superstition; he adds—"He who could eradicate this terror from the minds of the people, would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers," and we may add grandfathers, for we have seen many a stout man turn pale when the mimic stroke would strike upon his ear.—Science has been preaching the folly of this superstition for many a year, but the charmer will not be heeded, charm she ever so wisely.—*Prof. Churtchman.*

THE BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.—Every person, perhaps, has a favorite season of the year—sme preferring the summer, others the spring, others the winter, and others, like ourself, the golden autumn.—The zest of our pleasure is hightened by an infusion of melancholy. Few things are more melancholy than music—none so melancholy as love, which is, in fact, nothing but the consciousness of a desire nsver to be wholly gratified here below. Love is the eager yearning of the soul after the beautiful, weich is but another expression for the infinite. Doubtless the fresh green of spring, when the trees stand in genteel half-dress before the modest sun, is highly refreshing to the mind as well as to the eye. But autumn comes to us decked in a thousand colors, painted partly by the hand of decay. It is beauty on the threshold of the tomb, rendered more beautful and fascinating by the air breathing upon it from beyond. We fancy we never discovered all its loveliness till then. Death itself is marvelously beautiful, in its eternal silence and composure; it hints the mystery it bares not speak; it seems to have closed its eye, only that it may indulge in delicious dreams forever. All realities seem nothing compared with the ideal creation which throngsupon the soul in death.—An autumn is the threshold of death—nature, soft, balmay, like the thoughts of old age, illuminated by the light of heaven. For this reason we love the autumn, and appear to think and feel in it with greatest ease and delight. It is like the diminutive mummy of an Egyptian feast, bidding us enjoy ourselves rapidly, before we depart hence, and are no more seen.